THE UNDERGRADUATE.

"DE OMNIBUS REBUS, ET QUIBUSDAM ALIIS."

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Origin of the Homeric Poems.

Remarks on the first Art. 2nd Vol. of the American Quarterly Review.—No. 3.

IT is scarcely necessary to apprise the reader that, in establishing the position we have assumed, the only source from which any *direct* testimony can be drawn, is set down by the reviewer as fictitious and unworthy of belief. If, for instance, we quote from Cicero,* to prove *directly* that Homer wrote the Iliad and Odyssey, we are immediately asked what did Cicero know in relation to him that was not learned from his predecessors? And should we go back to Longinus and Herodotus, (whose testimony is to the same point,) and cite their authority, we are met by the sweeping declaration that anterior to Herodotus all matters of history depended upon the uncertain traditions of a "mendacious" people, and therefore should not be believed. If we say that all ancient authors who have written upon the subject, universally corroborate our position, *without even a single exception*, we are told that their disagreement in regard to 'his age or period,' 'his country,' 'his history,' is sufficient to render suspicious their assertions on those points in which they do agree. Though we believe that most of these might be triumphantly contested, and have already taken exceptions to the first, yet we propose to draw our arguments, for the present, from a source against which none of them will avail,—from *his works themselves*. We take our arguments from this source for the double reason, that, while we believe they will be far more conclusive to our readers, being established by induction, from a few *uncontested* facts, they will also be free from the endless jargon of a labyrinth of names. And, as suggested in a previous No. we are discussing simply the question of the *origin of the Homeric poems*, and shall attempt to sustain only the following position:—*That one man, by the name of Homer, was the author of the Iliad and Odyssey.*

In establishing this point we will assume the following postulata:—That these works were originally composed by one, or more individuals.—That, if not by more, they must have been the work of one man.—That it was *known* at the time by whom they were composed, whether by one, or a plurality of individuals. As these statements have been admitted on all hands, we preferred to put them in their present form for the purpose of more convenient reference as occasion may require.

1. The first argument we shall offer in favor of the former part of our position, that *one* man is the author of these poems, is their manifest resemblance throughout in dialect, style and language.

Every person who is at all conversant with the writings of great authors, even at the present day, must be aware of the marked distinction which exists between the style of their respective works, which is often so palpable as to require a person of but moderate discernment to determine an author by the perusal of his writings. But the distinction in the style of modern authors can never be as great as it was in that of the ancients. The different dialects in which they wrote, together with the easy adaptation of their language to the formation of new words, rendered the writings of almost every author peculiar, in many respects, to himself. This was eminently the case with the great Homer. Though many poets have written in the same dialect, and the same measure, yet there is a marked distinction, not only in arrangement and construction, but in the inflections of nouns and verbs, that the student after reading their works has to furnish himself with a new set of rules, or rather exceptions, before he is prepared to grapple with our Poet. And these peculiarities run through every book in his works, insomuch, that no individual, to my knowledge, who advocates the plurality of their authors, has ever urged a dissimilarity of dialect, style or language, in defence of his opinion. His style is spoken of, particularly, as being characterized with the greatest simplicity,* perspicuity and ease, of almost any ancient or modern author. This characteristic, also, follows him through all his poems, and shows the hand of Homer on every page. From whence, then, is this manifest resemblance in style, if some half a dozen or dozen individuals composed it, at different times, and in separate songs? Can it be supposed, for a moment, that should a number of rhapsodists in different parts of Greece have actually written on this same subject, that there would have been that manifest resemblance in these respects? Would the writings of Johnson, placed in connexion

* Cicero Qu. Tuscul. 1, 5.

* Cowper's Preface to Homer, p. 16.

will appear sufficient to settle this question, I think, in every honest mind, yet there are other arguments, not drawn exactly from the work itself, which go strongly to prove that it is the production of a single person, and *that his name was Homer*. Perhaps there was never a people more strongly distinguished for their love of praise and admiration than the ancient sons of Greece. All their institutions, whether civil, military or religious, strongly tended to nourish this passion in the breasts of her people, and sooner than they would incur the suspicion of disgrace, or tarnish a single laurel in their wreath of fame, they would sacrifice every consideration, even life itself. There was no field in which the excursive genius of this gifted people was displayed with greater brilliancy than in that of poetry; and for those who excelled in this divine art, they erected the most durable monuments of fame. With their known admiration on the one hand of superior poetry, and on the other, the ambition of writers to excel in this art, would the immortal lines of Homer have been attributed to him as their author, had they been the production of *other* individuals, or a person of *another name?* We have before alluded to the celebrity of his works from time immemorial, which was such as has never had a parallel in the literary history of any ancient or modern nation. Isocrates, a celebrated writer of antiquity, says "that Homer's poetry was in great esteem," and that "their ancestors honored it with a place in education and musical contests." Eustathius, on account of his extravagant admiration of his works, says "that drops of honey would frequently distil from his mother's breast into his mouth, while an infant, and in the night time the first sounds he uttered were the notes of nine several birds." Add to this the beautiful tongue in which this Prince of Poets wrote, that is justly characterized by Gibbon as "a musical and prolific language that gives a soul to the objects of sense, and a body to the abstractions of philosophy," and then say whether the enviable fame of the *real* author of this work, would have been given up by them to *another* person, *to an ideal, imaginary Homer?* or rather say, if it is not a perfect absurdity, to suppose that Homer *alone* should receive the fame of this authorship, unless he *alone was their actual Author?*

4. But the united testimony of all preceding ages, is an argument in favor of this position that has never been nor ever can be overthrown. We have before alluded to this point and observed some facts in relation to it, that strongly tend to strengthen and confirm it;—such as its being uncontradicted by any other traditionary account,—its appearing to be as old as the fact which it commemorates,—its having been believed as long as known,—its being inconsistent with no public institution, nor any authenticated kind of historical evidence, and what is of as great consequence in determining the validity of any testimony, its never having been designedly perverted, since justice, patriotism and humanity itself demanded that the fame of these works should be given to their *real* author, or authors, and not to a Homer who never existed. Add to these facts the consideration that 'universal belief' has never erred on so general a subject as the authorship of a distinguished work, when it was originally known; so that if it has in this case, it must be a strange anomaly in the history of letters. Thus, *according to the history of all preceding ages*, the Pentateuch has been shown to be the writings of Moses; the Epistle to the Hebrews, of Paul; and the Æneid was never denied to be Virgil's: why, then, may we not *now* believe a witness that has *always* proved faithful to the truth? But what is its testimony? It is *that one man, and his name Homer*, was the author of these poems. And let it be remembered that the grounds which are assumed to subvert this position, will not only blot from existence the name of Hesiod, a contemporary of Homer, but the claims of all authors before the period of 600, to the memory of posterity. This we shall never be willing to do, and are fully confident that the candid antiquary will not sanction, for the simple purpose of gratifying an inordinate curiosity, by the ruins of a great and illustrious Poet.

These are the reasons for the position we have assumed, which the limits of this work has compelled us thus briefly to state; and whether they are as worthy of consideration as the "improbabilities," and "high degree of probability" with which the arguments we have noticed are recommended, is not a point for us to determine. We might have quoted the authority of all the most learned men in every age for the support of the same position, but the ground taken in the Review, as before observed, denies the authority of all historical accounts in regard to Homer, and consequently the validity of *those very sources* from which the learned must derive their information. We have, therefore, taken our arguments from the work itself to establish the position that they are the production of one man, and from the character of the Grecians and the testimony of preceding ages, to prove in common with this, that *his* name was Homer. References have been made simply to the Iliad, as the two volumes manifestly go together, and each must share the same fate; though arguments to the same point and of equal force might have been drawn from the other.

The Changes of Man.

CHILD of the dust! yet conscious of a soul
That feels "immortal longings," and whose wings
Are ever spread to seek some far-off goal,
Plac'd high, beyond the sphere of dying things;
And whose strong eye forever forward flings
Its restless glances, striving to discern
The unseen power that moves the secret springs
Of its mysterious being, and to learn
Whence rise the immortal hopes that ever in it burn!

How glorious was thy nature, ere the time
Sin hurl'd it down from its exalted height!
Then walk'st with angels, and enjoy'd sublime
And holy converse with those spirits bright,
And even the Eternal, from the living light
That veil'd him round in viewless majesty,
Came forth, and stood reveal'd before thy sight,
And deign'd to hold high commune oft with thee;
How art thou fallen now! how chang'd thy destiny!

Dimm'd is the light of man's primeval morn;
His pristine splendor faded into gloom;
Where roses sprung, now grows the rankling thorn,
And o'er his spirit passions wild assume
Resistless empire; and his bitter doom
Makes still more bitter by their rending strife,
That rages from the cradle to the tomb.
To the last hour, with deadliest rancor rife,
Their jarring only hush'd with the last pang of life!

Doom'd on this stormy world awhile to dwell,
His heart the arena of inflam'd desires,
Urging him on, forever onward, still;
One height attain'd, their everlasting fires
Burn yet unquench'd, and loftier he aspires,
Ambitious of the nations wondering gaze;
Reckless of future worlds, if this admires;
His only guerdon, earth's unmeaning praise;
An empty name, enshrined in glory's meteor blaze.

But mark him, when he's gain'd the hard-earn'd prey,
And victory crowns the eventful strife at last;
When from all lands the echoing plaudits rise,
And gathering honors thicken round him fast:
Mark him a moment, for 't will soon be past;
Soon will the laurels on his brow grow sere—
Soon on his lifeless form the earth be cast:
Even now he pauses in his high career!
Where is the conqueror gone? Go look on yonder bier!

The mouldering monuments, the ruin'd shrines
Of many an ancient temple, o'er whose walls
Unprun'd for ages, the wild ivy twines,
And wreathes in rank luxuriance round the halls,
Where all is silent, save the night-bird's calls,
Rendering e'en *desolation* still more drear,
Or when the fell hyena's howling falls,
With startling horror on the traveller's ear—
Speak forth a fearful tale of many a long-gone year.

For they on gather'd thousands have look'd down,
Who lived and moved in ages past away,
The glittering helmet and the kingly crown,
With royalty's magnificent array;
And through those aisles now crumbling in decay,
Once trod with haughty step and bearing proud,
The conquering chieftains of some battle day,
And while around them knelt the gazing crowd,
They, at the *altar's side*, their lordly heads scarce bowed.

And there those chiefs, when their last fight was done,
Came, but with humbled brow and alter'd mien;
Nor of their steel-clad armies is there one
To tell their deeds, or even that they 've been:
They sleep unknown, unhonored and unseen,
While age on age is circling fast away:
The shafts of death sped thick and swift between,
Claiming succeeding millions as their prey,
While other millions rise and live their transient day.

And dashing wildly on the rock-bound shore,
The chainless surges of the mighty deep,
Swell in majestic and eternal roar
A requiem high to cliff and craggy steep,
O'er thousands, who far down beneath their sweep,
Wait the last trump in coral grots and caves,
And sweetly in man's last unconscious sleep,
Still slumber on, in their uncrowded graves,
Tho' tempests o'er them howl, and the wild ocean raves.

Let fancy picture them as once they were,
Call up their images when life was new;
Their proud hearts bold to suffer or to dare,
And firmly nerv'd their vigorous arms to do;
While down the future an unclouded view
Seem'd to the eye of hope before them spread,
Nor fear, nor grief, their ardent spirits knew,
But all was joyous, as if heaven had shed
Its holiest influence round the path they were to tread.

But some have died in the wild din of war,
When battling navies join'd the dreadful fight;
Fell bleeding on the decks, from friends afar;
Saw human things receding from their sight,
Felt deepening round them death's long, iron night,
With more than its own native horrors blent!
And when the soul began its unknown flight,
No holy prayers went with it, where it went,
None o'er the mangled corse in human anguish bent.

Some, when the swift-wing'd tempest in its power,
Heaved up the surging billows to the sky,
Saw, set in cloudless night, Hope's sacred star,
And to the winds gave their last, bitter sigh;
Unseen, unsooth'd, the fearful agony
Of life's departing hour, when, on the soul
With pinions fluttering, from the earth to fly;
High hopes and fears, rush, scornful of control,
And other worlds their vast and awful scenes unroll!

Time was, when empires and republics stood,
Begirt around with all that human power
Could rear against the ever-wasting flood
Of rolling years; still hastening to the hour
When pillar'd dome and age-defying tower,
Down from their deep foundations shall be thrown,
When o'er the universe itself shall lower
Tremendous ruin! Now where are they gone?
Their places are forgot; their names survive alone!

The seven-hill'd city, the proud nurse of m[illegible]
Whose names blaze glorious on the rolls of fame;
Of all she had, of all she once hath been,
One thing alone, unalter'd and the same,
Stands as it ever stood; it is her *name*,
That still is great; for what she *was* is great,
For she is *now* the mockery and shame
Of her departed glory—when she sate
Among the realms of earth, the arbiter of fate!

Shalt thou, O Grecia! rise and live again?
Is it for thee another youth to know?
Already has the ruthless Saracen
Felt that thou art not an ignoble foe,
And proudly do we hail the earliest glow
Of thy long dormant, now rekindling fires;
Long have ye bent to the proud Moslem low:
Rise! Grecians, now! for Heaven your cause inspires!
And steer full in the wake of your old godlike sires!

My native land! may He whose mighty arm
Controls the fate of empires, ever guide
Thy onward course, and thee to shield from harm
His sacred ægis spread on every side;
And those free institutions, now thy pride—
The pride of patriots, too, of every clime—
Oh! may they stem corruption's baleful tide,
And tower aloft in native strength sublime,
Eternal rampires 'mid the wasting storms of time. D.

Bed is a bundle of paradoxes: we go to it with reluctance, yet we quit it with regret; and we make up our minds every night to leave it early, but we make up our bodies every morning to keep it late.—*Lacon.*

The Stranger.

"O, gear will buy me rigs o' land,
And gear will buy me sheep and kye;
But the tender heart o' leesome luve,
The gowd and siller canna buy."

(Concluded.)

Mr. Colville, now far advanced in years, had consumed the meridian of life in mercantile pursuits, heaping up honest acquisitions to the princely estate he inherited from his patrician family. He had been the happy father of a numerous domestic circle. But pitiless death had crossed the blissful threshhold, nor desisted from his fell office till all its loved inmates but one, were locked in his relentless grasp. Even the fond mother and wife, was fated to dissolve the seductive bands which held her to life, and to recline in the silent rest of all. And now, when the desponding parent, unfitted for active business, retired far from its cares and toils, to a sequestered dwelling, he took with him his youngest child, the tender remnant of his family's desolation,—his only son. To this youth, a fair bud of flattering promise, the lonely father looked for support and consolation in his declining years. And here heaven seemed to bless his ardent prayer. The son grew up the praise of all, endowed with every mental charm that can grace human intelligence, and with a heart whose sympathetic warmth spread richly forth to mingle deeply with others' joy or sorrow. With a nature kind as his, Henry did not long let pass unnoticed, the seated gloom which hung about his parent in cankering silence, forbidding the indulgence of buoyant hope, and engendering a most unhappy disrelish for life and its relations. No sooner had the conviction of this unfortunate truth flashed upon his mind, than the solicitude of filial affection resolved to attempt the expulsion of the dangerous enemy. To effect this object every winning exhibition of his fond attachment was repeated in its tenderest form, and all the resistless blandishments which a son can so advantageously bestow, were studiously employed to seduce his father's thoughts from the dreary contemplation of his mournful destiny, to the enjoyment and society of the excluded world. And it is needless to add, that exertions seconded by such qualifications as Henry's, and with such an end in view, were almost completely successful. Mr. Colville began gradually to resume his wonted cheerfulness; the light of renovated health again beamed from his mild and thoughtful eye, and happiness seemed once more to greet his heart, purified and chastened by the rigid ordeal of blunt experience. For this change, so great, so imperceptible, yet soothing in its operation, he felt himself indebted to the untiring attentions of his son. And who may tell how felicitous was the weight of such an obligation? The father and son knew that they were blest; peace and harmony were their constant attendants, and the fullest contentment smiled placidly around them.

But feelings sensitive and delicate as Henry Colville's, could not always be limited within the instinctive range of paternal affection. In the course of his frequent rambles through the delightful grounds in the vicinity of his father's retreat, accident had introduced him to Caroline Dana. A brief, but enchanting acquaintance, convinced the enthusiastic Henry that he was most particularly in that condition, which, with an ominous sigh, our maiden aunts denominate —love. And it is probable his angry passions did not much gain the ascendancy when he ascertained his generous and fervent attachment was warmly reciprocated.

That Caroline Dana was the mistress of superior mental accomplishments, and of that treasure "above all price," a sweet and gentle disposition, we have the indubitable testimony of Henry, who confidently averred that human imperfection never made a nearer approach to celestial pre-eminence, in point of refined attainments and unsophisticated virtue, than in the intelligence and worth of his Caroline. As to her personal charms, we who are very indifferent judges, do not feel warranted in essaying a description; but for an instance of their power, would only refer to the speechless admiration of the elder Colville, misanthrope as he was, when first the fairy vision of her beauty burst upon his sight.

Just after Henry had commenced his intimacy with Caroline, his father entrusted to his charge the sole conduct of his affairs, finding himself too much enfeebled by age longer to attend to them. After the reception of this responsibility, a delicious but fleeting period was enjoyed by the lovers, and Henry determined to acquaint his father with his engagements, and beg his sanction, knowing too well the delicacy and even danger attending such a disclosure. For Mr. Colville was most inveterately imbued with family pride, and would never deign to listen to any proposal touching the marriage of his son, which would abridge the nominal consequence of his ancestors. And Caroline Dana's parentage, though perfectly reputable, was not of that aristocratic rank to which the Colville family made pretensions, and from which the old gentleman was resolved his son should select a wife. Thoroughly aware of those prejudices, Henry frankly avowed his love for Caroline. At the declaration of the truth, though announced in a manner the most delicate and

conciliatory, Mr. Colville instantly lost all that calm mildness of temper which for years had rendered him so agreeable, and urged on by his extravagant pride, gave an unfeeling loose to the bitterest invective against his son, and concluded with the command that he should either forsake the home which so long had been the seat of his brightest joys, or forego all communication with the *plebeian* who had presumed to steal his affections.

Henry's subsequent history is quickly told. He left his father in dejected silence, and that very day saw him an exile from the paternal abode. Mr. Colville, for a considerable space of time after his departure, by the sway of obstinate pride kept up a steady flame of merciless indignation, to the exclusion of all the kindlier feelings which nature might attempt to assert. And probably he was confirmed in this intemperate state of mind by another incident which transpired about that time. A distant relative had recommended to his patronage and support, a young man on whom misfortune had heavily fallen, robbing him at the same time of both his doting parents, and almost unfitting himself for existence. A destructive fire had enveloped their house at the helpless hour of midnight, and the father and mother became its wretched victims. The son barely escaped with life, being rendered nearly blind by the circling flames through which he groped, and having by the descent of falling timbers received a severe contusion, which caused a painful and uncouth impediment in his gait His name was Ormond. Mr. Colville cordially welcomed him, and immediately appointed him to the duty which Henry had previously discharged. The conduct of the young gentleman did not belie the high reputation he brought, and he rapidly increased in the confidence and respect of his employer. Mr. Colville become so deeply interested and delighted with the good qualities of the stranger youth, that at intervals he could well nigh drop from his thoughts his ill-starred son, with the consequent hateful remembrance; when a letter from a correspondent in New-York banished every remnant of angry pride, and left him absorbed in none but a father's tenderest, warmest emotions of affection and grief. It appeared from this communication that Henry went directly to New-York, and having loitered about the city in gloomy and dejected inactivity, had embarked in a vessel for a European port, after a delay of two or three months. During the voyage his mind became more absent, his deportment more repulsive, and he was continually subject to a clouded abstraction, from which all the efforts of the kind shipmaster could not arouse him. At length taking advantage of the inattention of those on board, he wrought up his resolution to maddened desperation, plunged from the ship's side into the capacious sepulchre before him, and buried at once, beneath its inscrutable surface, his emaciated form and intolerable calamities.

We have introduced Mr. Colville on the morning succeeding the reception of this intelligence, and accompanied him through his perilous excursion, made more remarkable by the peculiar circumstances which enhanced to such a degree his bursting agony of soul.

Immediately on his return home, he devised a scheme, by which, if successful, he could partially atone for his stern injustice towards the lost Henry, and at the same time appropriately reward the virtuous and deserving. Accordingly he despatched a messenger to Miss Dana, soliciting her speedy attendance at his residence on business of the utmost moment. In compliance with this request the young lady arrived, as beautiful as ever. Mr. Colville, meeting her with a gracious smile, conducted her to a room where young Ormond was sitting, and an introduction ensued. Then came the grand project of the old gentleman which, without any formal explanation, was forthwith comprehended by his auditors, when he began to expatiate most profoundly upon the countless merits and precious worth of each. For a round fifteen minutes he desisted not from the eloquent theme, notwithstanding the blushes that gleamed upon the dusky countenance of Ormond, and glowed with a downright blaze through the transparent complexion of the lovely Caroline. He insisted on their immediate union, and concluded by declaring his intention of making Ormond the heir of all his vast estates.

At this critical moment the youth sprang briskly from his seat and hobbled towards the young lady, who with something very like a roguish brightness of the eye, met him with an outstretched arm. Ormond fondly seizing the proffered hand, replied to Mr. Colville with an air unusually exhilarating and animated—"I know not, sir, but that, in justice to all parties, I should have informed you of my matrimonial connections. Be this as it may, you are now assured that I shall not look with the utmost complacency on any arrangement which will interfere with this lady and myself; for three months have now glided away since first I ventured to call her my wife." Then in a trice, our crippled stranger found himself standing firmly erect, the cheating goggles vanished from before a pair of brilliantly healthful eyes, and with the huge black patches, that concealed a fair and blooming face, sought refuge in a neighboring corner of the room. Mr. Colville retreat-

ed with astonished delight at this amazing metamorphosis; then having most precisely adjusted his glasses, he warily advanced towards the wonder to satisfy his mind that he indeed beheld his happy son—*Henry, himself.* ALA.

"All the foundations of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened."—[SELECTED.]

A doom to the fallen! The earth where they trod
Shall be laden no longer with scoffers of God;
He speaks! and his banner of wrath is unfurl'd,
And the avalanch-deluge comes down on the world.

A doom to the fallen! It rides on the wind—
They look back in terror, the wave is behind;
While onward, and onward, in anguish they flee,
Still darkly sweeps onward the dash of the sea.

They trust not the vallies—hope perishes there—
But they rush to the hills with the strength of despair;
The palm trees are bended by myriads of forms,
As the forests are bowed by the spirit of storms!

There's a hush of the weak, and a cry from the stronger,
And the rock and the tree are a refuge no longer;
The waters have closed in a midnight gloom,
And sullenly roll o'er a world-peopled tomb!

'Tis morn; on the wave, like a bird on its breast,
Floats the ark of the godly—a haven of rest;
A sign and a pledge to the wand'rers are given,
And the promise-bow arches the blue vault of heaven!

The Legal Profession.—No. X.

OFT will the student, immured in the delightful prison of college walls, look out upon the busy world, observing with a discriminating eye the jarring elements of society, which at times seem ready by one dread convulsion to be thrown into "chaos dire," and with trembling hand drawing aside the veil of futurity, by imagination's aid will cast his mind forward to that period at which he will be called upon to act his part in those scenes, of which he is now an almost indifferent spectator. While gazing at the lofty eminence attained by one, who commenced the journey of life with the clouds of adversity lowering thick around him, or viewing the forlorn and degraded condition of another borne forward in his early course by the prosperous gales of fortune—the choice of a profession—the selection of a vessel which may bear him safe over life's troubled sea, must *sometimes* at least engage the attention of the most thoughtless and indifferent.

Of the three learned professions which present their claims to the sons of science, who confine not their aims to the narrow desire of passing a quiet and useless existence, and die "unhonored and unknown," the *law*, in my apprehension, lays open to the youthful aspirant avenues to distinguished eminence and usefulness rarely afforded by other vocations. Far be it from me to speak diminutively of the benefits accruing to society from the occupations of the physician and divine, in both of which have shone forth in the American firmament a brilliant constellation of stars of the first magnitude; but I would rather pay honor to whom honor is due, and gladly see the limits of usefulness and celebrity extended to both of these professions. That in a republican government, however, where no man implicitly obeys the *ipse dixit* of a ruthless tyrant, or bows in blind submission to the foot of a capricious pasha, who instantly represses a murmur of disobedience by taking the head of the offender, but where the citizen seeks a protection of his rights under laws of his own making, and *those laws are the government*,—the duties of the jurist must be allowed to be those of the greatest dignity and importance by all, who for a moment consider that it is his employment critically to examine and define the rights and immunities of every individual, denizen or alien, in our extended territory. We must award equal justice to the inhabitant of Britain, the native of the western wilds, and to the citizen of the United States. It is to the upright judge that the poor man is to look for protection from the overbearance of the rich, the oppressed for a rescue from the power of the oppressor, and the innocent for a defence against the wiles of the vicious.

How calm and majestic is the empire of the law!—Not like the Roman government, enforcing its dictates by an armed legion, nor like the Chinese, imposing upon the superstitious fears of its subjects, but bearing only the sceptre of reason, and sustained by justice and the interests of man, it exercises an undisputed dominion over the understandings of millions. The word is but spoken, "It is the decision of the court," and it vibrates thro' the remotest parts of the republic,—the waves of faction which an instant before threatened to undermine the foundations of government, are calmed as by the power of magic. To the decrees of this tribunal the highest departments of government yield a respectful obedience. The executive authority issues not a proclamation, the legislatures enact not a law but whose operation may be suspended by the judiciary. So long as a judge of the United States court pursues a course of upright integrity, he exerts a dominion unknown to the titled occupant of an earthly throne, but the moment he deviates from that path his arm becomes nerveless, the Sampson is shorn of his strength. Though he may command obedience, it must be just and legal; though he may exercise power, he cannot play the tyrant.

VALA.

Items of News.

Events of immense and thrilling interest have been wafted to this country, with every European breeze, for the last three months; and appearances now justify the belief, that the leaven of republicanism, which the "Holy Alliance" supposed to be effectually hid and destroyed, will not cease to ferment in Europe, till every kingdom (with the exception perhaps of Russia and Turkey,) has been materially affected. In France, the new government appears to be gathering strength and consistency—but we do not regard it as certain that the revolution there is yet completed. The adherents of the old Bourbon dynasty, with a few Bonapartists, and that class, existing in every country, which has nothing to hope for from quiet, peaceable rule, and which is ever ripe for disorganization,—will do something—they may do much—to embarrass the administration of Louis Phillippe. Should the Allied Powers take up arms (as has been feared) to crush liberal principles, the event would doubtless tend to rally every Frenchman round a common standard, and would greatly consolidate the government of the "citizen king." But this expectation of a European war, is, for the present, dissipated, by the last foreign arrival: The French ministry having stated that they have full and satisfactory assurances of a pacific disposition from the courts of Berlin and St. Petersburgh. In Belgium, the revolution proceeds—the patriots conducting with much steadiness of purpose and apparent success. The city of Antwerp, which has been the scene of murderous combats between the king's troops and burghers, and of dreadful conflagrations, is now in the hands of the patriots, with the exception of the citadel. There are commotions in various parts of Germany, which we can hardly expect will be quieted very soon. In England, also, a great sensation has been created by the dismissal of the Duke of Wellington, and the appointment of a strong whig ministry, which has taken office pledged to effect a parliamentary reform and a retrenchment of national expenses.—On the whole, it is easy to see that principles of liberty and equality are widely and rapidly disseminating through the civilized world; but it may well be feared that the invaluable prize of civil and religious freedom, cannot be gained by some of the nations, without wading through seas of blood.

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The annual meeting of the Middlebury Temperance Society was held at the Congregational Meeting-House, last evening. The report of the Executive Committee, which was read by Rev. Mr. Nichols, stated the number of the Society's members at 600; and the quantity of ardent spirits consumed in this town the past year, at above 6000 gallons. This mighty stream of intoxicating drink cost the town more than sufficient to pay her state tax, town tax, school tax, and also the salaries of the clergy! It was voted to hold temperance meetings in the different school districts of this town, the year ensuing. Addresses were made by Rev. Mr. Crane, Mr. Tutor Post, and Mr. W. Y. Ripley. The following gentlemen were elected the Society's Officers:—Gen. Hastings Warren, *President;* William Slade, Esq., Dorastus Wooster, Esq., Mr. Nathan Case, and Dea. M. N. Foot, *Vice Presidents;* Mr. William Y. Ripley, *Secretary;* Rev. Thos. A. Merrill and Rev. Prof. Hough, of the Congregational Church, Rev. J. Z. Nichols, of the Methodist Church, and Rev. Mr. Crane, of the Episcopal Church, *Counsellors.*

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The term for which many of our number are engaged at School teaching, is about half expired, and it may not be improper to remind those who pledged themselves to do something in aid of Sabbath Schools and Bible Classes, the present winter, of the interesting service in which it is hoped they have found much employ. We should be glad to say to each one—What have *you* accomplished in behalf of the Sabbath School interest? Have your employers, or a majority of them, seen your zeal and devotedness in this best of causes? Do all your scholars, who might be persuaded to do so, regularly attend upon biblical instruction? If any of these questions are answered negatively, how will the written report appear, which is expected from you, the next College term? It was justly calculated, that, if the students from Middlebury and Burlington, who pledged themselves to the effort, should exert what influence they may be able, the Sabbath School cause will receive an impetus which will be felt for many years. We shall be excused for again urging those concerned to be up and doing.

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A recent congressional election in New-Jersey, has gone in favor of the Clay party, much to the disappointment of the Jackson folks. By the election of Speaker in the New-York Assembly, it appears that the Jackson vote is 91, the anti-masonic, 32. Ohio has just chosen an anti-Jackson Senator; Maryland, a Governor who is ditto.

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☞"LIBERALITAS," on *Theatrical Exhibitions*, is unavoidably crowded out till our next No.

MARRIED,

In Weybridge, Mr Solomon W. Jewett to Miss Fidelia Bell. In Bridport, Mr Joseph Tichenor of Shoreham to Miss Betsey Moore. In Burlington, Mr Horace H. Scribner to Miss Martha A. Stafford. In Fairhaven, Mr William R. Perry to Miss Louisa M. Kimball. In Granville, N. Y. Mr. Elisha H. Gates to Miss Louisa Alford. In Benson, Mr. Heman A. Keep, of Castleton, to Miss Lucy Corkins. In Woodstock, Mr Joseph Holmes to Miss Hannah Cole.—Also, Mr David Hutchins to Miss Harriet E. Bishop.

DIED,

In Monkton, Miss Mary Roscoe, aged 15. In Orange, Mr John Waterman, aged 86. In Fairhaven, Mrs Kittredge, wife of William Kittredge, Esq. In Westhaven, Mr Simeon Smith, aged 40. In Berlin, Col. James H. Langdon, aged 48. In Johnstown, N. Y. Rev. Chester Hinman, aged 33, formerly of Orwell, Vt. Killed in Ferrisburgh, Mr Ashbel Taggart, by the falling of a tree. Drowned, in Lake Champlain, Frederick Hunter, aged 11, and Charles Cilcott, aged 12. Found dead by the side of the road in Lincoln, Elisha Downing, aged about 35 years of age. In Monkton, Laura, daughter of Jonathan Phinney, of New-Haven, aged 25.

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